Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

THE SNOW-SHOE.

Its Utility in the North Where Snow Lasts all the Year.

Those who look for the first time on the wide clumsy snow-shoes that hang crossed upon the wall of a young bachelor's apartment, or are exhibited in some museum among other curious things from the north, would regard them as an awkward sort of shoe, and a difficult if not dangerous thing to use. The beginner is as ill at ease as a cat with paper shoes on, and more certain to come to grief. With the abject humility that follows the first trial comes a respect for the snow-shoer of only average ability, awe and admiration for the expert who shuffles along unconscious of the great flat surfaces tied to his feet.

In the northern part of the United States and in Canada, where it is said the year consists of "eight months winter and four months poor sledding," the snow-shoe is a necessity for hunters, trappers, and those who must travel the unbroken snow. These men begin as boys tramping about with long narrow clapboards fastened to their feet, setting wire nooses for the little white rabbits that track the snow with their own broad feet. As they grow older they get their first pair of raw-hide snow-shoes, and with these they go beating about the country on longer excursions with gun on shoulder scaring away every thing but the noisy squirrels and impudent chickadees. As men, one must be with them to appreciate the ease with which they can run, the marvelous way they slide down the steepest banks, clinging to limbs and bushes, and how they go, with skip and jump, after the long-legged, startled moose, through the roughest places where the great trees uprooted by the storms lie piled in endless confusion underneath the snow, never tripping, never falling. As your Indian guide tells you, "Sartin fall down, very poor hunter."

I have heard from those who knew him of a certain lumberman in Canada who was so good a snow-shoer that there was not a man in the whole country who, running on a hard-beaten roadway with moccasins, could beat him as he ran on his snow-shoes in the deep snow alongside.

As a means of recreation and social enjoyment, snow-shoeing has been taken up by Canadians and by Americans who visit Canada. For many years snow-shoe clubs, especially those of Montreal, have held, besides their regular trams, tournaments each year, which many people from the United States have keenly enjoyed. These carnivals have been imitated in our own cities where there has been enough snow and ice for those northern sports.

There are hurdle races also. It seems to us impossible to jump a hurdle with snow-shoes such as are worn at Montreal. These shoes are the kind we see most commonly in the United States, and are noticeable for their long "heels" which would be dreadfully in the way when jutuping.

In the early wars with French and Indians many a winter campaign could never have been carried on but for the snow-shoes, which alone made marching possible. In the winter attacks of the savages upon the settlements in Northern New England, and in the expeditions of English and French troops, snow-shoes were a necessary part of their equipment, their baggage being hauled on sleds and toboggans.

Long distances across country are accomplished as quickly and with less fatigue on snow-shoes over the snow than on foot over the same ground after the snow has melted away. There is something in the spring of the snow-shoe and in the manner of the long swinging step that makes it easier than ordinary walking, especially if the ground is uneven.

Nothing is more awkward for a beginner than learning to keep right side up on snow-shoes. It is not necessary to walk with legs stretched wide apart, for one shoe is lifted over instead of around the other. The tracks lie one in front of the other almost as in ordinary walking. By taking long steps one need never flounder in the snow as a beginner does who lets the toe of one shoe get caught under the heel of the other.—Jappan Adney, in Harper's Young People.

SNOWED IN.

A Place Where Snow Shovels Were at a Discount.

"Talking of snow," said the man with the tan-colored goatee, "you ought to see it snow in the Winnipeg country. We don't know what snow is down here."

"Lots of it up there, eh?" asked the man with the eyeglasses.

"Lots doesn't express it. Why, gentlemen, two winters ago snow fell where I was to the depth of nine feet before Christmas, and on the 17th of January it was fourteen feet deep around my factory.

"So you had a factory?"

"Yes, sir."

"What sort?"

"A snow-shovel factory."

"Gosh! You located in the right place to strike it rich! How many thousands did you sell?"

"Never sold even one single shovel, sir."

"You didn't? What was the matter?"

"Why, the people up there have nothing to do but wait for snow to go off, and that happened to be an early season, and a thaw came on about the middle of May! Yes, sir, I lost six months' time and $2,000 up there."—N. Y. Sun.

Refused an Encore.

An encore refused created its greatest known disturbance in Dublin at a concert in which Signor Foli, an Irishman by birth, sang. He sang so well that the audience vociferously insisted on hearing him again, but he politely declined. Thereupon the gallery raised such an infernal racket with whistling, stamping and shouting that many women left the hall terrified. Mme. Essipoff, who was next upon the programme, appeared to play her solo, but she had to retreat. Then another vocalist tried, but the disturbance being kept up unremittingly, he was driven off the stage, and the concert came to an end.

—The government allows a generous subsidy to theaters in the cities of the Caucasus. Tiflis alone will get 47,000 rubles during this year. But Russian troupes are scarce in that region, and Italian, French and German actors draw the largest part of the subsidy.

AVENGED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Mario Delaro had built himself a pleasant home on the hillside a little below San Paola. To this home he took a lovely wife, by whom he had one child, a daughter, who was at the time of her father's death about eight years old. The child, Armida, was a bright little brunette, combining in herself the beauty of her handsome father and the sweetness of her lovely mother—the latter a daughter of a wealthy Spanish merchant in Santa Rosa.

Mario had been very proud of his lovely wife and child and was the tenderest of husbands.

Leon Velasquez, on the other hand, possessed a history which was quite obscure up to the time when he made his first bow in San Paola with a profusion of money and the appearance of one whose path in life was particularly smooth and easy.

As related, he soon became the partner of Delaro, and at the time when the partnership was formed he appeared to be a man of about thirty-five years, though none ever knew his exact age.

If any one had followed him on his frequent trips to San Francisco they would have discovered that he went there to participate in all kinds of vices, and, as men whose deeds are evil love darkness rather than light, they would have found that he did not expose himself much during the day.

He acted like a man who was afraid of being seen, and his haunts at night were places where it required a peculiar knock on the door as well as a glance through a peep-hole before the applicant was admitted.

It looked as though his seclusion in the quiet Posada vineyard was a forced one, though he had not apparently enough discretion or force of will to keep entirely from the outside world.

He was, in short, an inveterate gambler, and would resort to any means in order to gain the material with which to tempt fortune's cards. He had jogged elbows with the worst classes of thieves and villains in San Francisco, and any one aware of his history would have known that it was not the first time he had associated with questionable characters.

The fact of the matter was that Velasquez had walked in crime from an early age. His parents had afforded him a good education, and at the age of sixteen he had entered a large mercantile house in Lisbon.

He took advantage of the first opportunity which presented itself to steal quite a large sum of money, and, failing in his efforts to fasten the crime upon a fellow clerk, he eluded the vigilance of the Lisbon police and secreted himself on a sailing vessel bound for America. The captain being susceptible to a bribe he managed to land safely in New York.

Velasquez lost no time in improving his knowledge of the English language, and after perfecting himself as far as possible he started across the continent.

At Chicago he found his way into a ring of gamblers who soon fleeced him, and he then sank into every kind of vice imaginable. From Chicago he

AFTER DINNER THEY REPAIRED TO THE LIBRARY.

drifted West, but he always, however, managed to keep his photograph out of the various rogues' galleries.

A short time before he fell in with Delaro he had been implicated in a stage-coach robbery in Nevada, but being new in that business the authorities did not suspect or even know him and he thus got clear with his share of the booty.

Becoming somewhat scared, and fearing lest his phenomenal luck should desert him and leave him at last in the hands of justice, he concluded to try a few years' seclusion in the valley of the Sonoma. With the exception of his too frequent absence and calls for money, all went well with him after he entered into partnership with Mario Delaro.

Indeed it seemed as though Velasquez had at last settled down to a civil, reasonable kind of life, and towards the beginning of 1875 Mario had so restored his confidence in his Portuguese partner that he sometimes listened to his propositions of a joint investment in mining stocks, at which for a time they both made money, so much so that the deals continued to increase in amount until one day Velasquez induced Delaro to invest twenty thousand dollars with him in a mine which he had privately heard was going to be "boomed" for all it was worth.

The speculation turned out to be a success, and, elated at his lucky hit, Velasquez became greedy for more.

He invested in other mines and lost heavily; then he gave his notes for large sums, and a day or two before settling time with Delaro for the successful deal he found himself nearly fifty thousand dollars in debt, with no immediate prospect of being able to meet his obligations.

He had realized on his own share of the deal in which Delaro was interested, but Delaro had not yet cashed his certificates.

Velasquez was in a bad mood, and ready to meet any emergency with fraud or violence when he started back to San Paola to meet Delaro. He reached Delaro's house, where he had always been a guest, about seven o'clock on the evening immediately preceding the morning on which Delaro had been found dead.

After dinner he and Delaro repaired to the library, and commenced to discuss matters of business.

Velasquez as we know, was in no very pleasant state of mind, and Delaro was in an equally bad mood, owing to the fact that a quantity of wine had been spoiled at the cellars that day, the result of neglect on the part of one of the workmen.

The conversation was quiet enough at first and Delaro calmly signed the transfer of the mining stock so that Velasquez might complete the negotiations on his return to San Francisco.

After this Velasquez told Delaro that he had been speculating further and had lost considerable money; and that in order to square himself, he must borrow at least twenty thousand dollars.

Delaro refused to lend the amount, and angrily proposed that they should at once dissolve partnership, offering to pay Velasquez fifty thousand dollars for his share in the business.

After a long discussion Velasquez consented on condition that Delaro would give him a note for the amount then and there, for which he would make over a receipt. The papers of

SUDDENLY HE HEARD A SLIGHT NOISE BEHIND HIM.

dissolution to be filled out and signed in the course of a day or two.

On his part Velasquez gave Delaro a note for the value of the mining stock, which he held to realize on, and the deal was ended.

It was nine o'clock before the business was settled. At that hour Delaro rang a bell, and the call was answered by a colored servant. "I'm going out, John, may not be back till late, so you need not wait up for me; but see that all lights are put out except the one at the head of the stairs, and the one in my bedroom," said his master.

"All right, sir," responded the attendant; "but is there any thing you want before you start, sir?"

"Yes, you may bring in some claret and ice and cigars."

After each had lit a cigar and drank some of the wine, Delaro arose to start.

"If you care for my company," said Velasquez, "I will walk with you."

"I have no objections," was the response. "We can finish talking over the matter on the way."

During these few moments a great deal was passing in Velasquez's mind. He was meditating on committing a deed which would place him incomparative ease for awhile at least.

He rapidly weighed the chances of detection and made up his mind what he would do.

He was a man whose nature it was not to rest unless his hands were steeped in crime, and he hesitated at nothing when a chance came within his reach to secure a good round sum of money.

Delaro had not pleased him with his carefulness; besides he was exasperated at his repeated losses by speculation and ready for any kind of a deed as a means to escape his difficulties.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said, before they started. "I wish to step up to my room."

He was only gone for a few moments, but it was long enough to get what he wanted.

There was not much said between the two men on their walk towards the town and on beyond it to the cellars; their differences were settled and only one or two minor matters were left to discuss. When they were about two hundred yards from the entrance to the cellars, Velasquez stopped and seated himself on a log, saying that he would remain there until Mario returned.

Mario Delaro proceeded toward the entrance and was soon inside. It did not take him more than twenty minutes to conclude his inspection, after which he did not wait, but at once started down the road toward where he had left Velasquez sitting.

He could not see Velasquez where he had left him, but supposed that he had walked on a little way. He whistled and shouted: "Velasquez! Velasquez!" But no answer came.

Suddenly he heard a slight noise behind him, but he had no time to turn. A blow, a groan, and Mario Delaro was in the dust. He had received his death wound and Velasquez was the murderer.

The blow had been aimed too sure for the victim to retain consciousness more than a second.

Velasquez dragged the body in between the vines, and, after making sure that the deadly blade had done its work well, he left his victim to die.

Shortly afterwards Anton Reyman passed by, followed in the course of half an hour by three of the cellarmen, who had been helping him with some work that had caused a great deal of trouble and worry in the cellars of late.

Velasquez was at the Delaro home by this time. He had entered the study, picked the lock of the desk and taken out his own note and the receipt he had given Delaro for the fifty thousand dollars.

After that he retired to his room, and slept as soundly as if guilt and crime were perfect strangers to him.

CHAPTER III.

The morning after the murder Velasquez arose early, as was the custom with every one in the Sonoma valley, and started out for a ride. He did not appear to have had a very bad night of it and, for a man who must have had the recollection of a recent murder ever present before him, he was remarkably self-possessed.

After leaving the party of men who were escorting the dead body of Mario Delaro into the little town of San Paola, he hastened to the railroad depot and sent a message to friends of his victim's young wife telling them of the horrible occurrence and warning them to be careful in breaking the news to her.

He then started back and reached the little, low building, dignified by the name of City Hall, a few moments after the officers had arrived with their charge.

The body was placed in a room connected with the hall, after which the coroner was promptly notified, and it was not long before the news spread through the town.

The body had hardly been carried in before a servant from Delaro's house came rushing along in eager haste on his way to the cellars. The man had gone up to the bedroom to call Delaro and found that the door was opened, the lamp still burning with a low, flickering light, but the bed had not been slept on.

Knowing his master's intention to visit the cellars on the previous evening, he was now bound thither.

The man was soon told of the sad news and hastened back to the house to inform the other servants about it.

During the long hours of that hazy, warm summer afternoon there was a great deal of bustle and extraordinary excitement in San Paola. It reached fever heat, however, at Delaro's late home and among the workmen at the cellars.

Velasquez undertook the charge of affairs in the place of Delaro and acted as though he intended to run matters with a high hand.

In the afternoon the coroner called a jury together and commenced his official investigation into the cause of the death.

The first witness called was Anton Reyman, who testified to having parted with Delaro on the previous night about ten o'clock, near the entrance to the cellars, also to finding him dead among the vines on the following morning.

From the surroundings of the murdered man he could imagine nothing which would indicate by whom the deed had been committed, but noticed that he had been stabbed in the back.

The other workmen were then called, but only corroborated Anton's statement. Then the men who were present at the cellars when Delaro called in on that fatal night were questioned as to what had transpired on that occasion.

They each told the same story, saying that Mr. Delaro was in a very bad temper over the fact that a large quantity of wine had been spoiled owing to carelessness on the part of the man who had charge of it, and that he spoke rather sharply to all of them.

"Did he pass angry words with any one in particular?" asked the coroner of the last witness, a burly German.

The man hesitated before replying, then said: "Yes, he spoke quite angrily to Anton Reyman, about keeping a sharper eye on the men."

"Were these the first cross words spoken thatday between Mr. Delaro and Anton?" was the next question.

"No," replied the workman; "they had several noisy talks that day and Anton, who is himself rather hot-tempered at times, talked back and said something about understanding his business, but that he could not be responsible for the mistakes and carelessness of idle worthless fellows like those Mr. Delaro sometimes employed at a busy time."

Then the coroner inquired if Anton often showed signs of hot temper. "He gets in a rage sometimes, when things don't go quite right, but it soon passes off," was the response.

After this other witnesses were called who testified to several recent quarrels between Delaro and Anton, though all insisted that none of these hot-word passages were at all serious affairs.

Just about this time one of the officers approached Anton and bent down as though to examine his clothing.

"Where did you get this blood on your overalls?" he inquired of Anton.

Realizing the horrible purport of the question, Anton replied: "I got that as I knelt over the body of my dead employer this morning," was the reply.

"Some on your shirt, too," said the officer. "Is that the same shirt you wore last night?"

Anton's quick temper made the hot blood fly to his cheeks, and the veins in his neck distended as he angrily replied:

"Yes, it is; but why do you ask such insinuating questions? I must have got the blood on my shirt when I examined the body in my curiosity to see whether the wound was self-inflicted or not."

"A pretty thin story, ain't it, coroner?" asked the officer.

The coroner looked wise and said that that was for the jury to decide. There being no further witnesses to be examined the jury were called upon for a verdict.

It did not take them long to reach a decision, and in a very few moments they declared that the dead man came to his death at the hands of an unknown murderer.

Practically, however, the "unknown man" of their verdict was a farce, for they added: "We strongly advise that Anton Reyman be held in custody for further examination before a justice."

The same day Anton was taken before a justice—people in these parts lose no time in such matters—for examination.

It is not necessary to go over the ground covered by the witnesses again. The same witnesses who had been brought before the coroner once more appeared and repeated what they had already said. Many minor points were

"WHERE DID YOU GET THIS BLOOD ON YOUR OVERALLS?"

magnified, however, and the consequence was that almost before the full tenor of the situation had made itself felt in Anton's mind he stood charged with the murder of Mario Delaro.

The accused man's distracted wife had arrived on the scene by this time, and as soon as it was told to her that her husband would be tried for willful murder she swooned away.

But before the order for Anton's commitment to prison could be made out a man arrived on the scene for whom every body made way as if by instinct. This was none other than Mr. Joel Wilcox, the richest man in Sonoma County, an uncultured, good-natured, large-hearted, "grasp-my-hand-tight" down-Easter. Wilcox had made an immense fortune in California and spent his days in the valley at a large and luxuriously appointed house which he had built in the midst of a beautiful estate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RESULTS OF M'KINLEYISM.

Effects of Republican Control in the House of Representatives.

Since the Republican Congress met last December, three tendencies have been noticed in all commercial and industrial affairs.

In the first place, the prices of all the necessaries of life have been advanced.

Second, wages have been declining.

Third, money has been so scarce as to threaten widespread disaster.

The result of all of these influences has been noticed in the returns from the commercial agencies relative to the failures for 1890. In his message to Congress Mr. Harrison undertook to rebuke the people for their discontent with the McKinley bill, and to sustain his position he patched up a lot of figures including a period of thirty days, that is for the month of October, 1890, and from these reports he concluded that there had been a larger business in the country, conducted upon a safer basis "because of the fact that there were 300 less failures for the month of October, 1890, than for the same month the preceding year, with liabilities diminished by $5,000,000."

If the President will take the report for the entire year he will find that since October there has been such an increase in the number of failures as to wipe out the October gain and show for the twelve months an excess of twenty-five compared with 1889, and a remarkable increase in the aggregate liabilities. The total number of failures in this country and in Canada for 1889 were 10,882; for 1890, 10,907; an increase in the number of failures of twenty-five. The liabilities for 1889 were $148,000,000; for 1890, $184,000,000, the largest amount since 1884. This is a very significant exhibit, showing that the McKinley bill, which it was urged would inaugurate an era of unprecedented prosperity, has operated in exactly the opposite direction. It produced a condition of affairs that almost precipitated a panic three months after the passage of the bill, and swelled the losses from failures in 1889, the first year of Harrison, to the figures of 1884, the last year of Arthur.

But while the country has by extraordinary exertions avoided a financial crash, there has been no check in the advance in prices. Imported goods and the products of the American mills are, with the exception of iron and steel, being advanced slowly but steadily month by month as the old stock produced or imported under the old law becomes exhausted.

Unfortunately, this advance in prices is not accompanied by an advance in wages. On the contrary, every day's report brings accounts of reduction in wages from one end of the country to the other. A dispatch from Pittsburgh under date of December 30 says:

"At a conference of the officials of the Amalgamated Association and Carnegie, Phipps & Co., of the Homestead steel works, the selling price of billets for the ensuing three months was fixed at $27 per ton. Under the sliding scale adopted two years ago this will reduce the wages of the 2,000 employes of the Homestead mills over 10 per cent.

"The iron furnace proprietors in the Mahoning Shenango valleys held a meeting in Youngstown, O., and resolved that January 10 they will close down their furnaces indefinitely. Twenty-three furnaces were represented. The operators claim that owing to the high railroad tariffs and the present cost of coke they are unable to continue work except at a heavy loss. The coke operators recently reduced the price of coke twenty-five cents per ton, hoping to assist the furnace men, but the latter insisted upon a greater reduction, which the coke manufacturers claim they can not concede."

It will be noticed that the price of "steel billets" has been fixed at a point to call for a reduction in wages of 10 per cent., whereas the duty, about $13, is the same under the existing as under the previous law, with this distinction: In place of 45 per cent. ad valorem, there has been a specific rate upon the lower grades of steel.

The advantage to the manufacturer is that the tariff does not decrease, even when prices decline.

It is to be noted that the wages of the working-man are upon a sliding scale—as prices decline their wages fall; but the manufacturers were shrewd enough to get into Congress and have this sliding scale changed, as far as the tariff was concerned, and they now get a fixed rate of 5-10, 6-10, 8-10 and 10-10 cent per pound in lieu of the previous ad valorem rate of 45 per cent.

There is in all of this nothing surprising. The whole scheme of protection is a scheme of plunder, by which the weak suffer and the strong grow rich. Messrs. Carnegie Phipps & Co., of the Homestead steel works, have the world in a sling; when prices go down they recoup themselves by reducing wages, but protection never goes down. The working-men seem to be between the devil and the deep sea. Lower wages for work; higher prices for what they have to consume.

This is then the result of Republican control of the House of Representatives. Higher prices for all of the comforts and conveniences of life; lower wages and a stringent money market; but an iron-clad tariff schedule, made upon the Procrustean model.

Since all of these injurious tendencies of the McKinley bill have been made manifest, Congress has been in session thirty days, and no steps have been taken to relieve the people. One thorough thrashing seems not to be sufficient to convince and convert the Republican leaders to a better course of life. They are determined to try conclusions with the people once more at the polls.—Louisville Courier Journal.

A DESPOTIC MEASURE.

Civil Liberty Threatened by the Force Bill Plan.

If history proves any thing, it is that no despotism, however strong or benevolent, has ever succeeded in improving the condition of the mass subjected to it, but that all despotism, whatever its nature, has had the contrary effect of degrading the masses. Despotism is the use of force, compelling those subjected to it to obey a will other than their own. This definition applies, no matter whether the will is that of one master or of more; whether the motive is malevolent and selfish or benevolent and unselfish. It appears to be a rule of universal application that when men are forced against their own consent to obey a will other than their own they are degraded by the violence, even though it is applied in the hope of bettering them.

Whether or not the truth of this observation be open to challenge, it amounted to a deep and controlling conviction in the mind of the framers of this Government. They shaped it with the greatest care in every part of its written constitution that it might be forever a government by consent; of the people and not above them; checked at every turn when tempted to use force instead of waiting to obtain consent.

While it is true that we have lived very far from this ideal, we still have the ideal and the institutions modelled on it. The very basis of these institutions is individual and local liberty, under which each community, though fully subjected to the compelling public opinion of the whole, is free to govern itself according to its own needs. Under such a system, Massachusetts and Mississippi, New York and California can live together in peace and freedom. Take away that system, and all that remains is the question of which States will be able to make the stronger combinations for that species of self-defense which can be successful only through superior strength overcoming and oppressing the inferior. Such self-defense involves oppression and perpetuates it. The only escape from it is in the union of equals, each self-governing and free.

The plan of the force bill is to divest the different communities and States composing the Union of the power on which all self-government depends—that of freedom to regulate their own elections and to make their own returns of the result.

Under this bill this immense power, now scarcely felt because it is distributed, is to be collected into the hands of District of Columbia officials. No matter who these are, whether they are to be Democrats or Republicans, benevolent or malevolent, such power makes them despots, because it gives them the legal privilege of exercising a power greater than any power left by the law for exercise by the people. If that law passes the Federal Government is by law made antagonistic to civil liberty, and the conflict of violence between them will come at last—not from the Southern States, certainly; not for ten years perhaps, nor for twenty years may be, but surely at last—unless in the meantime the Republican party is wiped out and the law repealed. That is by far the strongest probability of the situation. It certainly would be disorganized completely by two successive defeats like that of November. And by its whole course it is inviting for 1892 a repetition of 1890. The returning board system could control an ordinary election but it would be useless against a cyclone.—St. Louis Republic.

IMPEDIMENTS TO LEGISLATION

Business in the Senate Retarded by Inharmonious Republicans.

The floater fund plan for tiring the Senate into acquiescence in the passage of the fraud and force election bill is not promising. It will be the duty of the Democratic Senators to insist upon the presence of a quorum as condition precedent to the transaction of business, and the obstacles to maintaining a quorum on duty day and night will be very great in view of the fact that many Republican Senators would prefer that the imperialistic plan should fail.

The real purpose of the expedient is probably to endeavor to place the Democratic minority of the Senate before the country in the attitude of unduly obstructing legislation. But the Democratic Senators, under the vigilant and able guidance of Senator Gorman, may be relied on to prevent the prevalence of any such false impression.

Throughout the session it is the minority that has been urgent for the consideration of questions of great public moment which the people regard as necessary to commercial, industrial and financial relief. The impediments to legislation in the public interests have arisen entirely from the embarrassments and disagreements of the Republican majority. Had the Republicans been united and harmonious, they could at any time have commanded sufficient votes to pass good laws, or even such laws as they pleased of a constitutional character, after reasonable discussion of their provisions.

It has been the effort to legislate for the elections of 1892, instead of for the necessities of 1890 and 1891, that has retarded business in the Senate.—N. Y. Star.

POINTERS AND OPINIONS.

——The advance of thirty per cent. on the price of plate glass again holds the mirror up to the operations of the McKinley bill.—Boston Herald.

——Senator Carlisle says: "It is the duty of the Government to administer public affairs, and the duty of the people to manage their own private affairs." Democracy in a nutshell.—N. Y. World.

——The Portland Oregonian (Rep.), discussing the force bill, says that "nobody wants the election law but a few purblind New England politicians, who mistakingly think it will make Republican votes."

——Republican financiering increased the National debt $11,000,000 in December. Messrs. Harrison and Windom are perhaps the most expert bottom-scrapers who ever had charge of the Treasury.—St. Louis Republic.

——The Republican war waged upon Quay, Filley, Platt and other distinguished leaders indicates that the grand old party has almost forgotten the glorious old days of Cameron, Chandler and Dorsey.—Chicago Times.

——The farmer is in revolt. When he comes to know the truth, viz: that the tariff robbery is the burden under which he has been made to groan, there will not be enough left of the G. O. P. to make a grease-spot. The farmer is slow to move, but when he does start he gets there with both feet.—Fort Worth Gazette.

——Advocates of the closure rule for the Senate urge as a precedent in its favor that a similar rule prevails in the British House of Commons. The British form of government differs from ours in several important particulars, but that is no reason why we should have a monarchy and a pensioned nobility. The cloture would be one step toward despotism in government.—Atlanta Journal.

A Republican Rule.

There is now an urgent demand by many Bourbon Republican organs for the adoption of a "closure rule" in the United States Senate. The closure rule is a gag similar to that employed by Czar Reed in the House of Representatives at its late session. In support of this proposition it is held that there is too much talk in the Senate and that business methods demand more expedition on the part of its members. When it is remembered that this party of violence and lawlessness was recently almost wiped off the face of the earth for degrading one house of Congress by such rules as that now proposed, it must be confessed that some people are very slow to learn. The parliamentary rules that have sufficed during hundreds of years of freedom are not to be arbitrarily changed to-day for any good purpose. Persistence in the advocacy of such measures will land the Republican party where the alien and sedition laws landed the old Federalists.—Chicago Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

—In close application to business nothing gets much ahead of a mustard plaster.—Ram's Horn.

—Some people go on the principle that the best discipline for a boy is to find out what he doesn't like, and then give him plenty of it.—Ram's Horn.

—"That's right, my boy. I'm glad you have thrashed the miller's son; but what had he done to you?" "He said I looked like you, father."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Consistent—"That Sallie Harkins is the greatest girl for getting bargains at second hand." "Isn't she? I understand she's going to marry a widower." N. Y. Sun.

—"Look here! You just jabbed me in the eye with your umbrella." "Too bad. Here's my father's card. He's an eye doctor, and if you'll use my name he'll give you bottom rates."—Philadelphia Record.

—Lively Game. — Patron (looking over restaurant bill of fare)—"Well, I don't care for beef, mutton, pork, veal or any of these things to-day. Haven't you any game?" Waiter—"Yes, sah; clams."—Good News.

—A Greater Evil.—Rural Pastor (solemnly)—"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Mrs. Scrubbs—"Y-e-s; but it ain't any thing to woman's inhuwomanity to woman."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Woman's Love For Woman.—Louise—"Her face is her fortune." Isabel—"Well, it is one of those rare cases where it speaks well for one to have inherited one's fortune, and not to have made it one's self."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Madam, observed the actor to the mother of a yelling infant in the audience, "when your child is quite through applauding I will continue to merely feign insanity. At presents the pressure is entirely too great!"—American Grocer.

—How He Got On.—Cobwigger—"So your son is learning the real-estate business? Is he getting along well?" Bradshaw—"So far he has learned to take the real-estate off the office-windows and the boss's shoes."—Munsey's Weekly.

—"Have you noticed what a vast quantity of information old Simpel has acquired during the last several days?" "Yes. It is easily accounted for. His fifteen-year-old son returned from boarding-school last week for a short visit."—Norristown Herald.

—The Wrong House.—Servant (answering bell)—"My master isn't in, sir; you may leave the bill if you wish." Caller(in surprise)—"Bill? I have no bill—wish to——" Servant(in surprise also)—"No bill? Then you must have called at the wrong house."—Paris Gaulous.

—"Is that colored woman coming to do your work?" asked a Washington woman of a friend who has had a great deal of trouble with servants. "Well," was the reply, "she is coming here to live, and if she likes the work I guess, maybe, she'll do it."—Washington Post.

—Constance—"I care not for your poverty, George. Let us wed at once. We can live on one meal a day if necessary." George—"Can you cook, love?" Constance—"George, I attended a cooking-school for two months." George—"Then we will wed. I think one meal a day will answer."—Prairie Farmer.

—A teacher had been telling the class the story of the rich man and Lazarus, when she asked the question: "Now, children, which would you rather be, the rich man or Lazarus?" A little boy spoke out and said: "I would rather be the rich man while I live and Lazarus when I die."

—"Was your husband insured?" "Yes; five thousand dollars in a mutual assessment company." "Did you get the money?" "I understand that I did. John was the only member in good standing at the time of his death, and the assessment fell on me. But I've got the money."—Harper's Bazar.

—A Diplomatic Youth.—The Nurse (proudly presenting a large-headed, bald and cross-eyed first-born)—"Don't you think he's splendid?" Mr. Gottleft (who knows the fond mother is listening, taken aback, but equal to the occasion)—"Er—ah, really, I heard he was a fine, big boy, but I had no idea he was such a monster!"

—A Stricken Career.—Tramp—"Madam, a year ago I was a prosperous conductor on a popular railroad. Travel was good and I lived in luxury. Now, alas, am I fallen, and all through the base action of one of the directors." Kind Lady—"What did he do?" Tramp—"He insisted upon taking my place."—N. Y. Sun.

HIS LAST VISIT.

The Pathetic Ending of an Old New Yorker's Days.

He was a queer old man who boarded the train at a small station in Western New York. Two young men, who were probably his sons, brought him to the steps of the car and helped him on, and as he entered we saw that he leaned heavily on a cane and was very feeble.

"The children kept at me till I had to promise to go," he said as he sat down. "Hain't bin down to Mary's in five years, and I've got so old I dasn't wait any longer. It's purty tough on an old man like me, but I want to see Mary and the grandchildren."

"I take it you are going to spend Thanksgiving with your daughter?" remarked the man on the seat ahead.

"That's it. Mary's my oldest gal. Got five of 'em, and all married off. She lives down at ——, and she would have me come and make a visit. Mary was allus a good gal, and she married a good man. You'll tell me when I git there, won't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"'Cause they'll all be there at the depot to meet me. My son Steve writ that I was coming."

He had about forty miles to go, and when we passed the first three or four stations he was anxious for fear that he would be carried by the right one. After that he leaned over on the window and fell asleep. Just before the train arrived at —— the man who had spoken to him turned about and said:

"Come, grandpa, you get off here."

The old man did not move, and the stranger arose and shook his arm and said:

"Wake up, grandpa! This is your station, and Mary and the children are waiting. Come, now."

But he spoke to the dead. The old man had died while he slept—passed away so peacefully that not a line of his face had changed. And we were yet stunned and grieving when Mary and her husband and three happy children came hurrying into the car and shouted:

"Here he is. Here's our grandpa come to spend Thanksgiving!"

But he was with his God.—N. Y. Sun.